The boulder in the torrent's course
By tide and tempest lashed in vain,
Obeys the wave-whirled pebble's force,
And yields its substance grain by grain;
So crumble strongest lives away
Benath the wear of every day.

Who finds the lion in his lair,
Who tracks the tiger for his life,
May wound them ere they are aware
Or conquer them in desperate striff
Yet powerless he to scathe or slay
The vexing gnats of every day.

he steady strain that never stops Is mightier than the aercest shock; he constant fair of water-drops Will groove the adamantine rock; Ye feel our noblest powers decay, in feeble wars with every day.

We rise to meef a heavy blow— Our souls a sudden bravery fills But we endure not always so The drop-by-drop of little fills; We still deplore and still obey The hard behests of every day.

The heart which boldly faces death
Upon the battle-field, and dares
Cannon and bayonet, faints beneath
The needle-points of frets and care
The stoutest spirits they dismay—
The tiny stings of every day.

And even saints of holy fame,
Whose souls by faith have overcome
Who wore amid the cruel fisme
The moulten crown of martyrdom,
Bore not without complaint alway
The petty pains of every day.

Ah, more than martyr's aureole,
And more than hero's heart of fire.
We need the humble strength of soul
Which dally toils and ills require;
Sweet Patience! grant us. if you may,
An added grace for every day!
—Scribner's Monthly.

## Miscellany.

THE "MISSES BUT."

TWO PORTRAITS DRAWN FROM REAL LIFE ALTHOUGH not a professional portraitpsinter, I am going to sketch the portraits of two ladies with whom I am intimately

acquainted.

Permit me to introduce to your notice the elder of these ladies. She is sitting in a neatly furnished parlor, enjoying, as a little girl once expressed it, "a sociable cup of tea;" that is, "a cup of tea with a good deal of speaking about it." Miss Chattie, an old friend, has called this af-ternoon, and has easily been prevailed upon to stay and share her evening meal. A good-natured, easy-tempered, gossip-loving character is Miss Chattie; and the budget of news which she is accustomed to carry with her, makes her in general an acceptable visitor, for most persons like to learn all they can about the doings

So there they sit cozily by the fire, each ensconced in a large easy chair, and looking as they feel, quite at their ease. What they are talking about you shall

"What do you think of the Clarksons.

"What do you think of the Clarksons, who have lately come to our church?" asks Miss Chattle. "Are they not nice, genteel looking girls?"

"They are rather pretty, especially the youngest; but they are not at all lady-like, either in their dress or their manners. I expect Mr. Clarkson is one of those men who have risen from a low

nothing of subscribing five or ten dollars to any society; and at the missionary meeting, last evening, he handed Mr. Robinson a check for one hundred dol-lars. Was it not generous?"

"It has that appearance, certainly, but I cannot help thinking it was done for wishes to be thought well of by his new clergyman, and to bring himself forward in the congregation, so as to become a person of influence."
"Have you seen Helen Lister, lately?

She looks very pale and languid; I hope she is not going into a decline." "Oh, there is no fear of that. She al-ways says she is not well, but I believe it's only mere nervousness and want of

something to do. If she had to work hard for her living it would be all the "I went to see Mrs. Peters yesterday, observes Miss Chattie, as she helps her-self to mother lump of sugar; "what a pleasant woman she is, and so friendly." "Yes, there is great warmth in her manner, but I don't think she has much

She is an agreeable acquaintance now, but if we were in trouble or pover-ty, I question whether she would be likely "Her house is handsomely furnished, isn't it? What a beautiful carpet she

has just got for her drawing-room!"
"It is a very good one, I allow, for she told me what it cost; but the colors are too glaring, and it dosen't match well with the rug. She spares no expense—indeed, I should call her extravagant—but she is saily deficient in good taste."

"Have you read Mr. Thornton's new book? I bought one the other day, and thought—for I had only time for a hasty clarge, that it was retired.

"I think it is better than his last one, but he writes too hastily; he does not take pains enough; there is an abruptness about his remarks which I don't

"He is certainly a very clever young "He is certainly a very clever young man."

"Very clever, but very conceited. When you meet him in company, there is is a look at me-and-admire me air about him, which is anything but attractive. He talks very well, but it is with too much self importance. 'I am somebody' is evidently his own opinion of himself."

"What a great deal of good Mr. Bennett is doing," remarked Miss Chattie, presently. 'It is a pleasure to see anybody so active and useful. He is a most devoted Christian,"

"But he wants ballast; he is too much influenced by his feelings, and ready to

influenced by his feelings, and ready to be carried away by excitement. I have no doubt he means well, but he is too "But they are sadly spoiled. They seem allowed to do just as they like, and have such expensive picture books and playthings. Mrs. Bennett is an amiable wo-

home. I daresay he is very useful to the various societies which he advocates, but if he were to look a little more after his own family, he would, in my opinion, at Talking of duty reminds me of our sermon yesterday morning. How practi-cal it was! Mr. Robinson is very faithful

and pointed in his applications."
"True; I admire his earnestness, but he is not sufficiently experimental in his preaching. He should remember that his flock requires food as well as instruc-

"Don't you think he is much more animated than he used to be ?"
"Yes; his manner is certainly improved but his sermons are not so well studied as they were when he first came. His ideas are good, but his language wants elegance; it is too rough and unpol-ished."

Now, dear reader, if you are not tired of these edifying remarks, I am; so we will leave these two friends to finish their tea by themselves, and take our depart-

Miss But, the second, is not in her own house. She is spending the afternoon into our office this morning with a new with a cousin, to assist her in sewing for and substantial looking cane and re-Cousin Mabel is a tall, thin individual,

# Wyandot County Republican.

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PIETRO CUNEO, Editor and Proprietor.

UPPER SANDUSKY, OHIO, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 31, 1872.

"Have you heard of Mr. Westerton's failure? He is completely ruined, my brother says; will not have a penny left when his affairs are settled. It is a pity, but they have been so extravagant." "But, my dear Mabel, a man may fail in business without being extravagant.
Mr. Westerton has had, I understand, some heavy and unexpected losses lately and I know he lent a very large sum of money to his uncle, which he never got

"Ah, I was sure you would find some excuse. You must, however, admit that Mrs. Westerton and the girls dressed rather above their station."

"Well, perhaps they did; but if they wore expensive things, they made them last a very long time; so that they probably did not spend more than others. And one or two of the daughters are very clever with their needles, and they used to help with the dress-making, which was a saving.

"The eldest boy, Harry, will have to turn over a new leaf, now, I expect," con-tinued Mabel. "He has run wild for some time, doing nothing, unless it has been mischief. I am afraid he will never

"He is very young; we must trust he will improve, Mabel. He has many faults, but he has many good qualities. He is wilful and giddy, but he is very affection. wilful and giddy, but he is very affectionate, and easily led by kindness; and this sudden reverse may steady him, and induced him to exert himself."

"I had a call from Mr. Arden this morning," remarks Mabel. "He wanted a subscription for his Mission School, and he had so much to say about it, that I was glad to give him a trifle in order to get rid of him. Mission schools being in

"Yes, he wants a little more moderation occasionally, but he is one of our best collectors. He can get money where oth-ers cannot. A converted heathen, when accused once, by a white man, of being too enthusiastic, replied, 'It is better to boil over than not to boil at all,' and I suppose Mr. Arden would say the same." "What a proud girl Miss Taylor is," says Mabel, as she stitches with increased energy; "she never speaks to me if she can possibly avoid doing so; and when I have asked her to tea she has invariably declined to come, just because she has little more money than some people. It is

so absurd! "She is not very sociable, it is true, Mabel, but I think it proceeds from re-serve rather than pride. I have noticed that she often colors and hesitates when obliged to converse with any one; and I should fancy that she is shy and timid."
"Have you been to visit Aunt Martha lately?" inquires Mabel. "Not that there is much pleasure to be derived from her company, for she is so cross and so easily offended that it is difficult

ought not to give way to her feelings as she frequently does; but, poor thing, she has a great deal to try her and to irritate That does not give her, as a professed

Christian, any excuse for yielding to anger and impatience," said Mabel, deci-"No. Mabel, but it gives us an additional motive for bearing and forbearing with her. If we keep in mind the trials

tend with, we shall not harshly condemn her, but we shall pity her and pray for "It does not signify, then, how bad our tempers are," says Mabel, in a pettish tone; "it is not ourselves, but our cir-

and temptations which she has to con-

cumstances which are to blame."

health and longevity, referring the varied forms of human suffering to "mysterious dispensations of divine Providence." Indeed there is no more of "mystery," connected with ordinary forms of disease, or the natural causes of them, than in the event of the more usual forms of tainly does violence to his nature than he who more tardily secures the same result by a career of dissipation. The inebriate is no more responsible for self-destrucman, but she is too easy and indulgent to manage such high-spirited children as they are, and her husband is seldom at the of but trifling importance.—Science of

our office, one particular, aggressive fly, distinguished from his brethren by a pertinacity and untiring energy that, if properly directed, are enough to make him President. Other flies we can dispose of by whisking a paper at them, or putting them out of the window. But this fly we can't manage. We don't like to kill flies. There is something so confiding about them that it seems has breach of hospitality to kill them. That fly tumbles into our inkstand, crawls out as a party of sleigh-riders, who met us just as we were surrounded. Though us just as we were surrounded. Though and dries his little feet by walking over our paper as we write. The compositor has hard work to decipher our manu-script sometimes. And, in this connec-tion, we would make a slight correction. In the number of our paper we called the Hon. Mr. — 'an unprincipled dema-gogue,' we should have said 'a high-toned patriot.' It was all the fault of that fly. The brother of the Hon. Mr. — came into our office this morning with a new

minded us of the misprint." whose natural element seems to be that of fault-finding. Listen to what she is have organized an association for mutual

consultation and improvement.

How I Came to Get Married.

AN OLD PIONEER'S STORY. old pioneer, as he shook with suppressed upon its surface. We thought Fanny emotion, but whether of a sad or pleasant | was revenged. nature could not be ascertained in the dim light of the fireplace. "Let us hear your yarn," we suggested, with a reportorial eye to an item for con-

sideration in a dull season. "O, it ain't any yarn, I assure you," said the old man, as he chuckled and grinned, until a glacial movement of tobacco juice started from each corner of his mouth and pushed its way down the wrinkles that led to his stubble covered chin below. "Shut the door there-so that mother can't hear what's going on, and I will tell you how I came toget mar-

We complied with his request, and after storing away a fresh supply of the weed "that cheers but don't inebriate," he drew his chair close to us and commenced: had become tired of tramping around over the pastures, foddering sheep and cattle in the winter, and working still harder in the summer. I won't say anything about the difficulties I experienced in getting employment upon my arrival in the city, nor how I tried every place in the town before I could find a boarding place that suited me, until I became acquainted with a widow lady who kept a few boarders on what is now known as Euclid avenue.

"My landlady was accomplished, and the properties of the pasture of the plant of the plant of the pasture of the plant of the plant of the pasture of the plant of the

I was glad to give him a trifle in order to get rid of him. Mission schools being in the ascendant with him just now, he could not talk of anything else; and to listen to him you would imagine that they are destined speedily to evangelize the nation and to convert the world."

"Yes, he wants a little more moderation" association with the better class of society. They were of extremely gay disposition, and I had not been at the house a month before I was hopelessly in love from the tyrant Grant to me, why I carry it. with Fanny, the eldest, and I thought at Likewise so in Pennsylvania and Injuny. times her manner toward me was tender and encouraging. She carefully avoided giving me an opportunity to be alone with

her long enough to declare my passion.
"The winter had nearly passed without high-stepping a pair of horses as could be found in the city, drove up to the house of my affinity, and in a few minutes we were whirling away out on the Cleveland and Medina turnpike. I had taken that road partly because it led to. Cleveland and Medina turnpike. 1 had taken that road partly because it led towards my old home, and also owing to its being less traveled at night than the other thoroughfares leading from the city, and thoroughfares leading from the city, and full majorities agin him in Northern Ohio and Injiany.

Mr. Placid, uv Northern Ohio, wuz certing that his apologizin for hevin bin an Abolishmist, at Jeffersonville, rolled up the fearful majorities agin him in Northern Ohio and Injiany. hat of a parlor lamp turned down so low

that as an illuminator it is nearly useless. "Through Brooklyn township we whirl ed out into the country, where the lights from the farm houses became more scatclosed a level strip two or three miles in length before us, I said to myself, 'Before we have traveled the road now in view, I will settle my fate, and go home a hap-pier or more miserable man.'

Stone tavern in Parma before we are overtaken, we are lost.'

"At this juncture the old, curly-horned leader, tired and out of wind from the long run, gave vent to a prolonged bleat, which was fearful enough to scare a girl less timid than Fanny. I sawed on the horses' bits, and flourished my whip frantically around them, until they were excited and apparently doing their best to escape the fate behind them, but I was secretly holding them back, to allow the wolves (!) to get closer. On came the bloody horde, panting for breath, nearer

to let the pursuers go by. They came; the monsters separated and passed us on either side, while I held my hat over her face, that she might not see the dreadful deception I had played upon

her.
"She fainted the moment we were overtaken by the wolves, and without try-ing to revive her, I turned the horses homeward and only stopped to pick up the robes which had been thrown out to check the ferocious animals. After drivnervous and weak from the excitement, she recovered her buoyancy of spirit be-fore we arrived home, and had promised to keep our adventure a secret, as I informed her the 'owner of the horses would charge me a fearful price if he knew to what tests his steeds had been put.' And that is my adventure with wolves, and

how I came to marry." "But did your wife never find out the deception you practiced?" we asked the as the prices of common wool in New leviate his sufferings, and finally lay old settler, and he laughed again, while York City since and including 1861: 1861, down beside him, clasping her paws

she was ironing."

MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS.

"Not much-not very much," answered our old romancer, but removing his hat, A WEDDING TRIP-A breach of prom-"Your speaking of being chased by wolves in Canada woods recalls a similar experience I once had in Ohlo," said the hot smothing iron, and with not a hair ring.

NASBY.

"What did she say?"

[From the Toledo Blade.] MR. NASHY AT CHAPPAQUA—THE JOLLIFICA-TION OVER THE OCTOBER ELECTIONS— ANOTHER TRIP PROPOSED AND OPPOSED.

(Wich is in the State ov Nov York)
October 11, 1872.

It wuz nite at Chappaqua. The wild
winds sighed mournfully about the dreary
house, and blew chill and sad among the deauded branches uv the fallen trees wich the Philosopher and Sage had cut down doorin the campane. (Ez he hed to be alluz sur-prised cuttin down a tree, he didn't uv course hev time to trim em all.) The cold autumnal rain wuz a fallin in a meiancolly drizzle, and the frost king's damp and icy finger hed tetched the famous Spring wich it "It was in the year 1850 that I came to Cleveland, and became employed in a hardware store on Superior street. I had spent all my previous life on a farm, and had become tired of tramping around over the pastures foldering shows and cattle.

> We sot long in silence a studyin the returns. Then the great and good Greeley spoke. He rejoiced over the victory he hed achieved in the three States, tho he would say in candor that the victory wazu't ez complete ez he could have wished. But ther wuz every coz for congratulashen and rejoicin. The majority agin us in Ohlo wuz only 20,000. Now there is, in round numbers, 2,000 election precincts in that State and ef only five Republicans in each change from the tyrant Grant to me, why I carry it. Likewise so in Pennsylvania and Injiany. The ishoo is now narrowed to the two, and, who kin doubt the result? Is not that com-

The response was a most hilarious and enthusiastic groan from all present.
Mr. Leverich, a importer from Noo York,
remarked that the result in the West wuz
doubtless, becoz Mr. Greeley wood persist finding me any further advanced in my suit, until one night in February, after a heavy fall of snow, I asked Fanny to take a sleigh ride with me, to which she consented, and after tea I procured as good Scotch, that the result in Pennsylvany and the result in the West wuz doubtless, become the result in the west wuz dou mite be attribooted solely to the fact that he ignored Perteckshen and wuz a dallyin with Free Traders.

uv the South in the three States. To all uv wich I listened, and then I gave my views. We wuz beaten—or to put it ez mildly ez possible, we failed to acheeve a de-

from the farm houses became more scattered and the baying of a watch dog was the only sound heard. Fanny, who had previously sung, laughed and chatted merrily on our ride, now became quiet. As we came to a rise in the road that disclosed a level strip two or three miles in his pocket of he cood reverse the order. Et his prinsiples wuz ez strateforward ez his method uv callin a man a d—d villain he wood be entirely great. When a man runs for President, and tries to consiliate Free Traders, Proteckshinists, Fedral Solgers, Confedrits, Abolishnists, Pro-slavery men, with a dozon than varieties have been decomposed. "Hardly had I come to this conclusion before I heard a peculiar rushing sound behind us, and looking around could see being a full speed to cour noble cheef—all the way. It wuz not more miserable man.'

Confedrits, Abolishnists, Pro-slavery men, the under that a dozen other varieties huv in, he under the use of the French language in the lectures at the Imperial Ottoman School of neck, nor to pretend to cover one little tures at the Imperial Ottoman School of Medicine at Stamboul shall be superdirectly a control of its one of these creatures of instinct control of its one of these creatures of instinct control of its one of the second of 

by a career of dissipation. The inebriate is no more responsible for self-destruction, is no more certainly the direct cause of his degradation than the man who by a course of epicurean indulgence legitimately produces the same result. He who abridges human life by overtaxing the body or the mind, who recklessly tramples on the laws of his being, etc., is as certainly protectedly a suicide, the who takes his own life is a suicide, the particular means employed being a matter of but trifling importance.—Science of Health.

A Wicked Fly.

The gentle editor of an exchange makes the amende honorable in the following and nearer, until I began to throw out robes and blankets. "These will keep the bidoody horde, panting for breath, nearer and nearer, until I began to throw out robes and blankets. "These will keep them chewing a few minutes,' I said, and we may escape.' But the sheep had no appetite for the robes, and were close behind us.

"I arose in the sleigh, gave the reins to ranny, saying, 'Drive fer your life—I will sacrifice myself for you,' and made a movement as if to jump out of the sleigh. 'Never, never!' she screamed, 'We will die together,' and she pulled me down beside her, to await her fate. While thus employed, I succeeded in obtaining a hasty avowal of Fanny, at the same time I was holding back the horses, to let the pursuers go by. They came; the monsters separated and passed us on the laws of his being, etc., is and don't carry them any further down than possible. They kin, it is troo, change their man sold where close behind us.

"I arose in the sleigh, gave the reins to ranny, saying, 'Drive for you, and made at the propossible. They kin, it is troo, change the who abridges human life by or will go go make stheep with the diever plant of the who abridges human life by or will go go will be done ez possible. Cut all the telegraff wires, so that reports any your see with a not-book and pencil. Put yoor see with a not-book and pencil. Put yoor see with a not-book and pencil. Put yoor see with a notsich thorough and radical treatment, yoo wood be comparatively harmless, and yoor speeches would not weigh onto us ez terrible ez did the last yoo made. Ef yoo persist in goin without takin them precautions, do it; but yoo do it without me. I shel wash my hands uv the whole biznis, and go back to the Cross Roads, where, ef the livin aint so good, I commune daily with better men. I hev sed."

The Sage conclouded finally not to go, but rather to trust the sober second thought of

rather to trust the sober second thought of The jig is up. I commenst borrowin money this mornin uv evry man who comes to Chappaqua. That presages immejit deparcher. I tried to sekoor a soot uv Horrises clothes, but the only one I found wuz a soot we bought in the spring, and rubbed all over with another to war when we were surprised. we bought in the spring, and rubbed all over with earth, to wear when we were surprised diggin in the garden. His choppin soot aint worth takin, and his travelin soot, wich I wanted, he wears all the time. I shel borrer vigorously the few days I hev left, hopin to amass enuff to keep me thro the winter.

Petroleum V. Nashy,
(Wich wood like to be Postmaster, but sees no hope uv it.)

THE Western Rural gives the following thinking of his boyish pranks.

"Not until eight years ago," he replied,
"when I told her of it one evening when she was ironing."

32 cents: 1862, 42c.; 1863, 70c.; 1864, 70c.; around his neck. In this position she remained until she was taken away. When she was ironing."

32 cents: 1862, 42c.; 1863, 70c.; 1864, 70c.; 1864, 70c.; around his neck. In this position she remained until she was taken away. When she was ironing." 1872, 70c.

JEWELRY FOR OCTOBER.-Election ear-

Crops"-Barbers. SHELBY County, Tenn., is persecuted by wood-ticks. A WHITE coon has been killed in Mont-

gomery County, Tenn. OLD folks should be serious. Frivolous talk is bad-in-age. In the Green Mountain State they call

eighed. In one week there were twenty-three runaway matches in New England. IMITATION poodles, on velvet cushions, are the newest freak in "ornamental" fur-

niture. The foliage is fast turning to plumage. That is to say, the leaves are nearly all down. Dressing gowns and slippers for Christ-

mas presents occupy the attention of A CHINESE inventor has discovered how to send by telegraph an exact fac simile of a signature. A SHIPMENT of choice California fruit

A Tourist, who was asked in what part of Switzerland he felt the heat most, re-plied, "When I was going to Berne." the opposite cause would hold good, and the same bell would bring her mistress! NEXT to the "little busy bee" the boot-

black furnishes the brightest example of 'Improving the shining hour." THERE is a gread demand in San Francisco, from Chicago and other Eastern cities, for Chinese domestic servants. AFTER a great orthographical discussion in England, it has been decided that "Shakespeare" is the proper way to

New York swindlers are again flooding the country with circulars in regard to counterfeit money, "which can't be told from genuine."

suffering little ones. We really need a Berge, and a S. F. T. P. O. C. T. Babies! I don't even mention the sufferings of Two fatigued travelers, having to travel

ten miles further, comforted themselves by the calculation that it was only five miles each. A TITUSVILLE authority is responsible for the statement that a Louisville mule, hitched to a street car, kicked clear over

the top of the car, and knocked a man off from the rear platform. THE Tyrian purple, so long and justly celebrated, and which was first made known about 1,500 years B. C., was obtained from a species of shell fish found on the shores of the Mediterranean Sea. A BUSINESS man of Chicago recently re-

ceived a letter from a classic correspond-ent requesting him to acknowledge a certain legal instrument before a "Note A ners. I expect Mr. Clarkson is one of those men who have risen from a low crigin, and made money rapidly in business. There is an appearance of vulgarity about him."

The natural temper is certainly not a most likely to be interrupted in our ride or conversation. The night was offended that it is difficult to get on smoothly with her."

The "egg-candlers" of New York constitute a profession by themselves, and unimaginable our ride or conversation. The night was offended that it is difficult to get on smoothly with her."

"Her natural temper is certainly not a happy one, but she was never taught we were not likely to be interrupted in our ride or conversation. The night was offended that it is difficult to get on smoothly with her."

"Her natural temper is certainly not a happy one, but she was never taught when young to control it, and this makes if more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She it more difficult for her to do so now. She is so cross and so easily our ride or conversation. The night was our ride or conversation. The night w Republick.'

from a five thousand dollar barouche,

ing!"
THE Sultan, in a fit of unpractical seded by the use of Turkish. There being no standard medical works in the native lingo, and no teachers capable of concloak, and while the child screamed with veying knowledge in that gibberish, the order of His Highness is about equivalent to shutting up the school. GOETHE once defined a Frenchman as

knows about the wonders of the New World. The Gaulois says: "The Vic-toria Bridge, on the River St. Lawrence, Portland, in Maine, to Port Sarnia, near Lake Huron!" At a party where questions were asked, and facetious if not felicitous answers expected, a coal dealer asked what legal

expected, a coal dealer asked what legal authority was the favorite with his trade. One answered "Coke." "Right," said the coal dealer. Another suggested "Blackstone." "Good, too," said the questioner. Then a little hard-faced man in the corner piped out "Littleton," whereupon the coal dealer sat down without saving a word. out saying a word. THE properties of coal in the production of gas were known to the ancients and practically used by that wonderful people, the Chinese; but it was not until 1792 that a gasometer and an apparatus for the manufacture were erected in England by the inventor, Mr. W. Murdoch. His efforts met with little encouragement till 1802, when the manufactory of Boul-

ton & Watt, in Birmingham, was publicly illuminated with gas on the festival A WEEK or two ago the bar-tender at the Ackerman House, Atwater street, wrote his name and address on a slip of oons sold on the streets, and sent the balloon afloat. Three days ago he received a letter from a farmer in Pennsyl vania, saying that the balloon bad been picked up near his house, having made a voyage of many hundred miles. By comparing dates it was seen that the bal-loon was three days in making the voy-

age. - Detroit Free Press. THEY tell about a man in Doylestown, Pa., who heard that well water could be purified with lime, so he emptied a bushel and a half into his well, and felt blissful and happy. It turned out that, because of the dryness of the season, there was only three feet of water in the well, and ever since his experiment he has been selling a good article of whitewash to his neighbors at two buckets for a cent, and walked a mile and a half to the creek for drinking-water for his family. He has his doubts now about lime being a good SLIGHTLY INQUISITIVE .- "Look here,

squire, where was yeou born?" said a per-sistent Yankee to a five minutes' acquaintance. "I was born," said the victim, "in Boston, Tremont street, No. 44, lefthand side, on the first day of August, 1810, at five o'clock in the afternoon; physician, Dr. Warren; nurse, Sally Benja min." Yankee was answered completely. For a moment he was stuck, however, his face brightened, and he quickly said: "Yeas; wa'al, I calculate you don't recollect whether it was a frame or a brick house, dew ye?" A young "Tom cat" was accidentally

killed the other day at Hewins' billiard establishment, by a dose of Paris green and chloroform. A curious circumstance occurred at his death. A female cat, previous to the "Tom's" sudden illness, was extremely shy, came to the funeral, and tried, as far as she knew how, to allorist his effective to the fine the large triangle of the state o

stopped by its removal from her sight. Who can say that cats are an un race?-Hartford Times.

A POLICEMAN received in pay, this onth, from the City Treasury, a twenty dollar bill, which appeared to have beer Persons who never complain of "Short torn and pasted together again. On a closer scrutiny it was discovered that a quarter of a counterfeit twenty dollar bill had been substituted for the genuine quarter, which warrants the inference that three other bills had been treated in like manner, and out of three good bills and a bad one somebody had ingeniously patched up four bills, which no doub In the Green Mountain State they call an e opement suicide. He sued and she dated twenties.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

A GERMAN girl lately arrived in Cleve

land, and was engaged to work in the family of a prominent lady, who prided herself upon her servants and their ability. The mistress, in initiating her into the nature of her work, told her, among other things, that when she wished to call her she would ring a bell, which was to be kept in the dining-room. Scarcely hour had she been in the house, before her empio, er heard a loud and prolonged ringing of the ben in the dining room. The operation being kept up for some time, she went out to see the causal. En tering the room, she saw the new girl ringing away to the imminent danger of the bell. She wanted to ask some queswas recently made from San Francisco to Dublin, Ireland. the bell tion about the affairs of the culinary department, and thought if ringing the bell was to be the summons for her to come, And so it did!

### Martyrs in Long Clothes.

TALK about maternal instinct! Let's leave instinct to the dogs-and the rest of the brute creation-and cultivate a little maternal common-sense.

I wonder if the present race of mothers are trying to kill off the babies! One can hardly go into the street without meeting childhood. I pass over in silent indigna tion the mother who whips her children hearing of all the neighbors-who would like to punch her head, by the way.

I utterly ignore the empty headed
mothers who dress their innocent little girls within an inch of their lives, and end them out to play, with threats of dire vengrance if they get mussed, and their unhappy boys in velveteen clothes, forpidding the restless little fellows to sit

down, except on cushioned seats! I won't speak of that most atrocious nother of all, who frightens her child into silence or obedience by threats of a "Bugar Man" to carry him off, or an "Old Rag Man," or a "Big Black Dog," pling the innocent child's darkness with unspeakable horrors, and planting the

All eggs at the metropolis have to pass through this process before they are merchantable, and the services of these professional testers are always in demand.

Jones assumes, on coming home to dinner, the bearing of an outraged husband.

"Why is it, Mrs. Jones, that you ride through Wall street in the very equipage I am struggling to maintain for you at high charge, and cut your husband?" Mrs. Jones at once reassures him: "You certainly would not have your wife, from a five thousand dollar barouche, above the same through this process assumes, on coming home to dinner, the bearing of an outraged husband. "Why is it, Mrs. Jones, that you ride through Wall street in the hottest day in August, and that unhappy baby, besides being wrapped in numberless folds of flannel as to its internal arrangements, will be wrapped—externally—in a blanket-shawl, face and all, five or six folds thick! Why the poor sufferer don't gasp its little life out, must be because "their angels do always have charge."

Another style of mother freezes her baby. When the weather is so cool that

baby. When the weather is so cool that bow to a man who is at work for his liv-ing!" every lady is dressed warmly, this mother —carefully bundled up herself—will take

over it, but never offer to warm it! Then there's the inattentive mother a person ignorant of geography. Here is a specimen of what a French writer comfortable position, with the glare of comfortable position, with the glare of the sun in its poor little eyes, or some tormenting fly nearly distracting it, or with an insane hat with dangling ribbons alis formed of an immense tube, weighing ten millions of kilogrammes, measuring three thousand yards—from the shore of its neck with the string choking it. And the fidgety mother. Goodne

how she jerks down the clothes, and jerks up the hat—pulls the feet up just so, and lays the hands down just so. She gives the unfortunate little martyr no rest by night or by day, unless by some happy hance her restless, small gray eye does cometimes close in sleep, which I doubt Don't talk to me about the happy days of childhood! That's mere sentimental humbug. Do you suppose this army of per, to dress, to carelessness, etc., are

Would you be happy if you had an irresponsible giant over you, who would box your ears if you chanced to soil your del-icate boots, or send you supperless to bed if you tore your dress, or shut you up in the closet if you fell down and got your knickerbockers dirty? Would any mount of kissing and cuddling in good natured moments pay you for enduring

hese horrors?
You know, in your heart, that they would not, and I call on the world to produce a Bergh for the babies, -Olize Tho

## Bullding vs. Being Built.

THE Christian Union publishes a con-versation which occurred between an old ntleman who used the verb is building and a young lady who said being built, in which the lady is quite ungaliantly quished. Suppose the young lady had been the interrogator, the conversation might have been somewhat as follows: Young Lady.—Are there any houses being built this summer in the village? Gentleman.—No. But there is an ele-gant house building on State street of rown stone.

Young Lady.-For whom is it build-Gentleman (promptly).—It's building for Mr Smith, the banker. Young Lady.—It's very kind in the house to be building for Mr. Smith. Is He has Mr. Smith wealthy? Gentleman.-Yes, the richest man in

town. He pays the master-builder ten thousand dollars, and the workmen get four dollars a day — Young Lady.—Ob, I see! Mr. Smith pays the contractor, the mechanics do the work, and the house is building. Is it building anything else for him?

Gentleman (dacidedly).—No: the house isn't building anything else, but a barn is building. (The gentleman's servant enters and says, "Dinner is eating, in the servant enters and says,"

Young Lady .- And dinner is eating. Does dinner eat often? Does dinner eat meat or vegetables? Does dinner drink offee or tea? Does dinner eat break-Gentleman,-We will adjourn to the

inner table —
Young Lady,—I hope the horses have Gentleman.-Yes! the oats have been given to them, and the oats are eating-Young Lady. -So the horses are eating and the oats are eating, and the dinner eating, and the folks are eating!

POLLARD'S PEAK, Nev., is to be the site

NO. 51.

Youths' Department. OUR FATHER IN HEAVEN.

Our Father in Heaven:
We kneed as we say.
Thy name be all hallowed
By night or by day;
And to Thy bright kingdom
That we may all come,
Let Thy will, as in heaven,
On this earth be done.

O, give to us children
The bread which we need,
For which we ask daily,
As humbly we plead
And as true forgiveness
To others we show,
O, Father in heaven,
Thy pardon bestow!

From each day's temptation,
From evil and wrong,
Lord, keep us and guard us
Through all our life long;
For Thine is the power,
The glory and might,
That can shield us and guide us
By day or by night.

THE POTATO CANDLESTICK.

BY C. W. FLANDERS. "Hollo, Mark Goodruff! are you ready for the writing school?" shouted Joe Bright, looking in at the kitchen door as he paused on the threshold to stamp the snow from his feet.

"In just half a minute," came back from the cellar-way in a muffled voice "Aren't you early"

"Guess not! The master's gone along. What are you up to down there?" "Making potato candle-holders." "Well, won't one do?"

"Somebody always forgets to bring his candlestick the first night; so I carry an extra holder to accommodate."
"Nonsense! What's the use of bothering your head about other people? Pve a new lamp. You can get a beauty, wick, and oil, and all, for thirty-seven cents." "But I haven't any thirty-seven cents," laughed Mark, rasping away at the pota

"Get trusted, as I did," says Joe. "No, sir! I don't train in the Trust Company!" returned Mark, making his appearance at the cellar door, looking ery much as if he was in earnest.
"Then I'll run home and get a candle stick for you," cried Joe, darting away at

full speed "Stop!" shouted Mark, "I don't wish But Joe was deaf. The truth was, he

was ashamed to go to writing school with a companion who carried a potato can-dlestick! Directly he returned with what Mark knew to be a part of the par-lor finery of the Bright farm-house He could not remember when those silver-plated candlesticks had been off the mantelpiece, unless to be admired or burnished; and it was past belief that Mrs. Bright could allow one of them to be taken to a ountry evening writing school.

Mark wiped his hands carefully on the

"Your mother is very kind, Joe; but I lent that candlestick to anybody-especially me. I should'nt, really!"

Joe tossed up his head, partly in cor tempt at Mark's simplicity, and partly in exhultation at his own cunning.
"Lent it? I guess she didn't lend

he presumed to take the treasure into

She'd as soon lend the eyes out of her own head!" "Then how did you come by it?" "I just went in the front way and helped myself."

The warmth and glow were gone from Mark's voice now. He placed the candle-stick on the table, close to where Joe was standing, and put the petato-holder his pocket. "I am ready," he said, moving toward

"But you haven't Fgot your candle "I don't want it. I'm all right. Come

"Why don't you take it? It has cost me trouble enough; and ten to one it does not cost me more yet!" "I would rather not say it to you just now, when you intended to do me a favor, my dear fellow, but the truth is, I prefer not to use what is not honestly come

by."
"That's cool!" said Joe, stepping back and giving him an indignant survey from head to foot. "You must take it along, to get rid of the confounded thing!"
"No, I am not willing to have any Mark took up some candles, wrapped

them in a paper, and opened the kitchen door, waiting to close it after his com-Joe thrust the candlestick under his arm, muttering, sullenly:
"Blast me if I'll go to writing school

more serious, and, placing his hand upon good naturedly helped him to finish his the boy's shoulder, said: "Come, Joe, what's the use of growling about such a trifle?" "Don't patronize me!" said Joe, breaking away from his light grasp. "Every-body wonders why I associate with you."
"Who is everybody?" asked Mark, looking up at the stars that were begin-

ning to appear.
"Clara Sand, for one." "Did she really?" asked Mark, turning to Joe, with an eager, doubting expression in his frauk face.
"Yes, and she said you wore patched

oots, and shabby clothes, and-"Never mind the rest. The less one hears about one's self the better, whether good or bad. I'll deserve to have the world speak well of me. So, good-night, As his companion did not choose to spond, Mark put his hands to his ears, for the night was sharp, and started toward

"I've cut him at last!" Joe said, kick-ing at a little piece of ice in his path, as if to vent his malice to better advan-"He won't get over that in a Just then Clara Sand tripped past, in company with her cousin.

Joe nodded and smiled in a mean way. as one does when he feels like a slanderer

the school room with a brisk run.

and a traitor.

Clara did not return the salute. "So she is mad!" thought Joe, and he gave the ice another kick, that sent it inning to the fence. When he reached the school-room he found the writing exercises had commenced and the teacher standing before the blackboard with a bit of chalk in his

Clara Sand was warming herself at the stove, with her fur tippet over her shoul-ders, looking very animated and lovely after her brisk evening walk. "You will take your seats as soon as you can," the teacher said, impatiently as Joe came in, closing the door behind

Clara moved toward the desks, and placed her copy-book upon the one she was to occupy. Then it occurred to her was to occupy. Then it occurred to her that she had brought no lamp, as the others had done.
"Perhaps some one present can share their light with you," suggested the

ossessor. This was one reason, per possessor. This was one reason, per-haps, that no one of her own sex made the desired overture of kindness to her. Mark rose up in a leisurely way, fast-ened a tallow candle into one of the potato-holders he had the forethought to make, and, with a bow and a suitable apology, placed the homely but very convenient aparatus where it was needed.

Next, he produced a pair of old style iron snuffers, with which he manipulated the wick, and then placed them beside the

candle for future use. There were suppressed sounds of mer-riment when these articles were exhibitcl, but Joe's laugh was distinctly heard.
Clara looked up into Mark's face and smiled, with a pleasant light in her eyes that haunted Mark all the evening.
Everything went on smoothly for half an hour. Then Clara found it necessary to try the old iron snuffers, and made a most ladierary failure in heart attention.

most ludicrous failure in her attempt to clip the wick of the candle. Then there was another ill-bred titler around the room, which made the poor girl's fingers remble, and her lips quiver.

Mark went to her help, and grasped the souffers as if he was used to them, as he "Mark Goodruff, you may take your copy-book and sit where you can keep the

candle in order without so much confuion," said the teacher. sion," said the teacher.

This was the way Mark came to sit by Miss Sand all winter. She brought a lamp one or two nights after the first evening, but Joe pushed it over into her lap in brushing by her desk, and was suspected of doing it intentionally.

After this mishap Clara refused to use a lamp, and Mark always brought two candles, and so the snuffers were in regular

candles, and so the snuffers were in regular Clara's cousin was a careless fellow, nev-

er regular at the writing-school, and a good deal annoyed at being obliged to be there to take her home.
"Mark," said he one night, "you are in obliging fellow; why won't you walk nome with Cousin Ciara, and save my coming at all ?"

"If you wish it, and Miss Sand does not object." After that, Mark was Clara's escort, and they seemed to get along very well ogether.

Toward the close of the school, Clara's father, who was a merchant in the city, wrote for a clerk to be sent him from the country. "A young man of fixed pro-

"That is what papa always insists upon when engaging his help," said Clara. "He says he can find plenty of well-dressed boys, and lads belonging to first families, and genteel fellows, quick at figures, but he is troubled to find those he can trust." "Then let him hire Mark Goodruff,"

said the cousin. "There isn't a lazy or dishonest bone in him." The minister said the same, a little more elegantly worded, perhaps, when Mark asked him for reference. Mark was standing on the tavern plat-

form, waiting for the stage to come along that was to take him to the cars on his way to the city, when the writing teacher came to him with a volume of poems, which had been offered to the one who had made the greatest proficiency in pen-manship during the winter.

"The prize has been awarded to you, Mark," said the teacher, "and you have deserved it, we think."

"Joseph Bright."
"Are you willing I should transfer the reward of merit, sir?"
"O, yes. The decision has been made, however, and it belongs to you, in jus

"Thank you. Who ranked next hest?"

"Then, sir, please give it to Joe. He roll-towel behind the cellar-door before tried to injure me once. I should like he presumed to take the treasure into Joe, when the words were repeated to him, was evidently touched.

Mark is a good fellow," said he I did hate to have Clara Sand like him better than me. After all my efforts to defeat him, he won. Somehow he always was lucky."

"Honesty generally wins in the end," said the teacher. Mark came home in a year's time, very much improved in every respect, and it was generally understo d that Mr. Sand was entirely satisfied with his new clerk. He has since become one of the firm, and there is a report that Clara still regards him with much favor. At any rate, she has made a candle and potato in wax, which is under the glass in the library, and Mark says it is so like the old writingschool dig out that it would trouble even him to distinguish it from the original. I almost forgot to tell you that Joe Bright's mother kept him without sugar in his tea for a whole week after she found out that he took her silver-plated candle-stick. She said, "them candle-sticks never had been used, and they

never should be while she lived .- Youth's

Root Up the Weeds. Two boys, John and Will, were employed by a gentleman to keep the paths himself with taking off the top of the weeds. He soon cried, "I have cleared my path;" and, having swept away the leaves, he went off to play.

Will was much longer at work, for he stopped to take all the weeds up by the

roots, and he was well tired when he went

ome. But the rain came down in the night and all the next day, and, when the boys' master went a few days after to look at the two paths, John's wanted weeding as with a fellow that uses potato dig outs!" much as at first, while Willie's was clear and only needed a few turns of the roller to make it quite neat. So John was sent sulk. But when they reached the road, back to do his work properly, and very and Joe stalked off by himself, he became tired he would have been had not Will

Only thorough work is worth doing. Faults only half uprooted will appear again and again, and we shall almost despair of curing them. Willyou remember this?- N. Y. Observer.

Stammering.

STAMMERING is due to unbalanced action of the muscles concerned in articulation. This is why many persons who stutter badly in speaking can sing with-out difficulty. Singing, compared with speaking, is as walking compared to running. Some persons whose muscular systems are not equally developed, as in the case of many sedentary females, can walk very well, but cannot run without staggering. The athlete can run with the same grace and symmetry of motion that he can walk. In singing, the motions of the articulating muscles are slow, deliberate and measured. In speaking they are rapid, and if all do not contract in harmony, some will be thrown into spasmodic action. And this is stammering. In some cases the tongue, and in other cases the lips act spasmodically, producing the varieties of stammering known as lingual and labial. It is very easy to understand that, if these defects understand that, if these defects are not corrected in childhood, they become, by long habit, very inveterate in sdult life. Yet nearly all cases are curable by judicious training. But months of patient and persevering effort

are usually required.

The remedial plan consists essentially in ascertaining what words or letters oc-casion spasmodic action, and practicing on them by pronouncing very slowly and distinctly, as in singing, until the habit of spasmodic action is overcome. The patient must, on no account, utter a sound hurriedly, nor until the mind has, by a deliberate exercise of will-power, got control of the muscles. A good elocutionist may be of great service to the patient; but he must study the peculiarities of each case, and not undertake to manage all cases by a routine .- Science of Health,

THE only persons left at the Tip-Top house on Mount Washington are three signal officers, who are equipped with a large stock of coal, four barrels of onions, about forty hams, twenty bushels of po Now Clara, besides being a comparative stranger to most of the scholars present, was possessed of a degree of mental and moral culture that often tends to keeping the multitude aloof from the